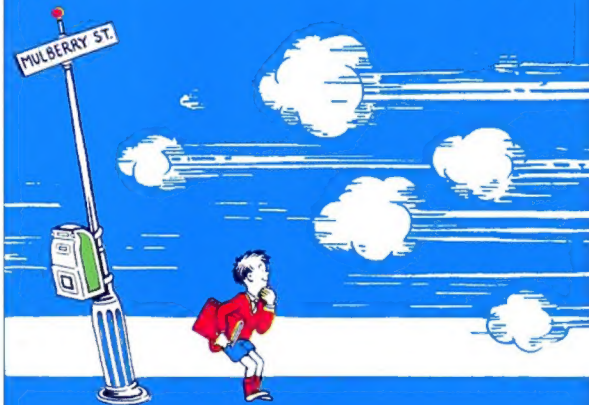


AND TO THINK
THAT I SAW IT ON
MULBERRY STREET



By Dr. Seuss

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For
Helene McC.
Mother of the One and Original
Marco

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WHEN I leave home to walk to school,
Dad always says to me,
"Marco, keep your eyelids up
And see what you can see."

But when I tell him where I've been
And what I think I've seen,
He looks at me and sternly says,
"Your eyesight's much too keen."

"Stop telling such outlandish tales.
Stop turning minnows into whales."

Now, what can I say
When I get home today?



All the long way to school
And all' the way back,
I've looked and I've looked
And I've kept careful track,
But all that I've noticed,
Except my own feet,
Was a horse and a wagon
On Mulberry Street.

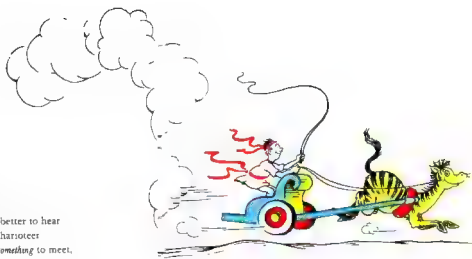


That's nothing to tell of,
That won't do, of course . . .
Just a broken-down wagon
That's drawn by a horse.

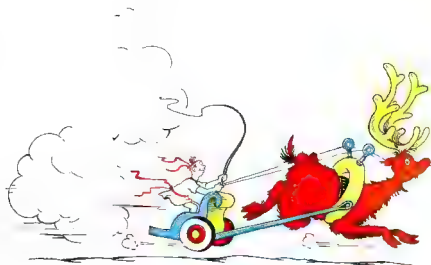
That *can't* be my story. That's only a *start*.
I'll say that a ZEBRA was pulling that cart!
And that is a story that no one can beat.
When I say that I saw it on Mulberry Street.



Yes, the zebra is fine.
But I think it's a shame,
Such a marvelous beast
With a cart that's so tame
The story would really be better to hear
If the driver I saw were a charioteer
A gold and blue chariot's *something* to meet,
Rumbling like thunder down Mulberry Street'



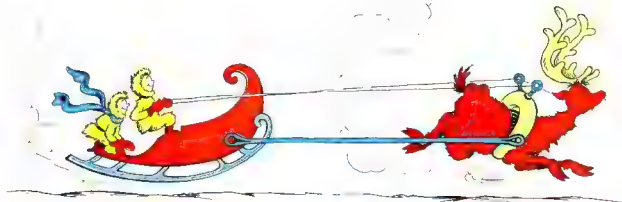
No, it won't do at all . . .
A zebra's too small.



A reindeer is better
He's fast and he's fleet,

And he'd look mighty smart
On old Mulberry Street.

Hold on a minute!
There's something wrong!



A reindeer hates the way it feels
To pull a thing that runs on wheels

He'd be much happier, instead,
If he could pull a fancy sled

Hmmmm A reindeer and sleigh . .

Say—*anyone* could think of *that*
Jack or Fred or Joe or Nat—
Say, even Jane could think of *that*

I'll pick one with plenty of power *and size*,
A blue one with plenty of fun in his *eyes*.
And then just to give him a *little more*, one
Have a Rajah, with rubies perched high on a *throne*.



But it isn't too late to make *one little change*
A sleigh and an ELEPHANT! *There's something strange!*

Say—That makes a story that *no one* can tell.
When I say that I saw it on *Mythberry Street*

But now I don't know
It still doesn't seem right.



An elephant pulling a thing that's so light
Would whop it around in the air like a kite.

But he'd look simply grand
With a great big brass band!



A band that's so good should have someone to hear it,
 But it's going so fast that it's hard to keep near it
 I'd put on a trailer! I know they won't mind
 If a man sits and listens while hitched on behind

But now is it fair? Is it fair what I've done?
 I'll bet those wagons weigh more than a ton
 That's really too heavy a load for *one* beast
 I'll give him some helpers. He needs two, at least



But now what worries me is this
Mulberry Street runs into Bliss

Unless there's something I can fix up,
There'll be an awful traffic mix up!



It takes Police to do the trick,
To guide them through where traffic's thick -
It takes Police to do the trick.



They'll never crash now They'll race at top speed
With Sergeant Mulvaney, himself, in the lead



The Mayor is there
 And he thinks it is grand,
 And he raises his hat
 As they dash by the stand

The Mayor is there
 And the Aldermen too
 All waving big banners
 Of red, white and blue



And that is a story that NO ONE can break,
 When I say that I saw it on Mulberry Street



With a roar of its motor an airplane appears
 And it tucks out confetti while everyone cheers

And that makes a story that's really nice to read
 But it still could be better. Suppose that I add



A Christmasman
Who eats with sticks



A ten foot beard
That needs a comb

No more for me
I'm almost done

I swung 'round the corner
And dashed through the gate,
I ran up the steps
And I felt simply GREAT!



FOR I HAD A STORY THAT NO ONE COULD BEAT!
AND TO THINK THAT I SAW IT ON MULBERRY STREET!

But Dad said quite calmly
"Just draw up your stool
And tell me the sights
On the way home from school"

There was so much to tell, I JUST COULDN'T BEGIN!
Dad looked at me sharply and pulled at his chin
He frowned at me sternly from there in his seat
'Was there nothing to look at no people to greet'
Did *nothing* excite you or make your heart beat?

"Nothing," I said, growing red as a beet,
"But a plain horse and wagon on Mulberry Street."





How a plain horse and wagon on Mulberry Street
Grows into a story that no one can beat. . . .

